

# 5 O'CLOCK SPECIAL.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## VICTIMS OF HEAT.

The Hot Wave Filling the Hospitals with Patients.

At 2 P. M. the Mercury Was at 90 and Still Soaring.

Hotter To-Day Than on Any Tenth of August in Twenty Years.

The heat is no joke to-day. Nobody seems to think the probability of the man of adipose is funny. Indeed, the oppressive closeness of the atmosphere is a very serious thing, as every ambulance surgeon, every dispensary clerk, every hospital physician and every policeman in the city will attest.

The day dawned sultry. Sleepers awoke with a feeling of weariness. Their couches were moist with perspiration, and the air was heavy with impurities.

The sky was all too clear. It was a dull gray. The streets were dry and wanted of parched stones. The painted walls of buildings seemed blistering under the rays of a red hot August sun.

Elevated and surface cars were early packed with streaming humanity, for nobody who had ventured to make a distance greater than four or five blocks. As the day advanced the heaviness of the air was evidenced by the inability of the smoke and steam from this busy city to penetrate it, rise and dissipate in the upper atmosphere.

By 9 o'clock the whole city was overcast by a thick, heavy mantle, composed of its own vapors, and the heat on the street levels was almost insupportable.

People gave out on every hand under the fearful pressure of heat and humidity, and the ambulances have been busy all day, while the hospitals and dispensaries have had a glut of business to attend to, the patients being people affected by complaints resulting directly or indirectly from the heat.

Among the sufferers were hundreds of babies and little children in the tenement-house districts, where, fed air, bad water and heat combine to make life almost intolerable. Such children are made the special care of the EVERING WOODS' corps of Free Physicians.

HUNDREDS AT THE HOSPITALS. More than one hundred and fifty men, women and children gathered at Chambers Street Hospital along the hour for examination and diagnosis arrived this morning. They were nearly all suffering from ailments brought on by the intense heat.

Many people felt the way in various parts of the city overcome by heat, while many others were forced early in the day to leave off business and return to their homes to take an enforced holiday without pleasure.

An EVERING WOODS' reporter saw one such case in the Bowers at Grand Street before 8 o'clock this morning. A young saleswoman fell down exhausted by the heat on the steps of a bank. Friends placed her in an uptown street car and she returned to her home.

The longer street car lines were obliged to station riders of horses all along their routes, for horses gave out frequently and a half hour's pull on the overloaded street cars was as much as a team could stand.

Pedestrians on Brooklyn Bridge fairly swarmed as they crossed the long structure, for there was not a breath of air stirring, and over there over the river, and the planking of the bridge promenade almost smoked in the hot sunlight.

Lower Broadway was a veritable furnace. The soles of one's feet felt the heat from the flagstone sidewalks and the walls of the tall buildings also gave out heat.

Men went about in outing shirts, with their summer coats on their arms, and their straw hats as fans in their hands, while perspiration stood out on their faces.

BARNS SPOILED BY HUMIDITY. Women were particularly distressed. Crimps were out of question, and their faces were crimson with the glow of heat.

The only men on Broadway who seemed careless of the heat were those employed in laying the cable road. Working under a sun that forced the spirit in the thermometer almost up to 120 degrees in the sun, those men seemed hardly to mind the heat in their heavy flannel shirts.

The ice-water fountain of the Moderation Society at the Post-office was surrounded all day long by a thrifty throng, and the three cups at the fountain that spurted from the wall of the Young Men's Institute in the Bowers were always in use.

The bookstalls that ply their trade about the Hall of Records in City Hall Park for the first time this season decided to acknowledge the heat and moved their stands into the shade of the staircases leading up to the Park Row bridge.

THE HOTTEST AUG. 10 ON RECORD. In short, this Aug. 10, 1891, will go down in history as the hottest anniversary of that day the city ever knew.

The thermometer at Perry's and Hudson's drug stores, and Uncle Sam's weather indicator on the top of the Equitable Building began a race in the early hours of morning, vying with each other in their efforts to record the rapid advance in temperature.

At 6 o'clock Hudson's thermometer marked 75 degrees, Perry's 77 and the official thermometer was neck and neck with Perry's. At 9 o'clock Perry's thermometer was one point ahead of the others at 81 degrees, but at 10 o'clock Hudson's scored 85. Weather Clerk Dunn's marked 84, and Perry's, still in the shade of Newspaper Row, was at 83. At 8 P. M. all three were together at 90.

## DIED OF HIS WOUND.

Saloon-keeper Duiko Breathes His Last in Bellevue.

Policeman Foster, Who Shot Him, Placed Under Arrest.

The Coroner Failed to Take an Ante-mortem Statement.

Saloon-keeper Michael Duiko, who was shot in his beer saloon, at 224 Second street, last night by Policeman John Foster, of the Union Market squad, died early this morning at Bellevue Hospital.

The bullet had penetrated Duiko's abdomen, and laparotomy was performed in the attempt to save his life. It was unsuccessful, and the wounded man breathed his last at 7:40 o'clock.

Policeman Foster is now under arrest, charged with causing butch death. Whether the officer was justified in using his pistol on this occasion remains to be shown.

Foster went to Duiko's saloon about 9 o'clock last evening. He was in citizen's clothes, and had been detailed by Capt. Schultz to look out for violations of the Excise law on light trading.

Duiko was well-known in the precinct as a persistent law-breaker, and he had been arrested before on the same charge. He was a big, burly Bohemian, and weighed about 240 pounds.

Officer Foster is rather slightly built and short, but has a reputation for pluck and determination. He was not known to Duiko, but he went into the saloon he picked up Morris Jacobs, of 141 Ridge street, whom he met outside, and they went in together.

The policeman ordered two glasses of beer, and he and Jacobs drank them, the officer receiving 15 cents in change for the quarter which he paid Duiko.

Then he threw back his coat, showed his shield and told Duiko that he was under arrest and must go with him to the station. The latter, who had been drinking considerably, was violently enraged when he saw that he had been caught.

He ran from behind the bar and made for Jacobs. Pointing to a deep scar across his nose he cried out:

"Do you see that? I'll give you one just like that if you don't stop this here!" With that he fell upon Jacobs, knocked him down and kicked him over the floor of the saloon.

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Foster says he shot at the ceiling to frighten the saloonists, but they only attacked him more desperately. They all came at him, and the woman began to beat and scratch him.

They had crowded him up in the corner of the saloon, and he was unable to get out. He fired his second shot, and Duiko was hit in the chest. The bullet struck the abdomen, and he toppled over yelling that he was dying and calling for a doctor.

The two friends of Duiko then ran into the street. The officer followed them, leaving Jacobs lying on the floor. He tried to get up, but he was unable to do so, and he died.

The coroner failed to take an ante-mortem statement, and the body was placed in the morgue. The coroner's jury found that Duiko was killed by a bullet fired by Policeman Foster.

John Gleason, of 524 West Thirty-fifth street, was overcome and removed to his home, where he soon after died. He was twenty-two years old.

A woman, whose name is unknown, was overcome early in the day at Ninety-sixth street and Second avenue. She was picked up unconscious and taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. She is about twenty-five years old, and has a history of nervous prostration.

Simon Traumann, aged twenty-nine, of 17 Rutgers place, was prostrated by the heat this morning at 290 Broadway. He was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital.

James McHenry, three months old, died at 441 West Twenty-sixth street from the effects of the heat.

Julius Coffey, of Marcy avenue, Brooklyn, was taken from the corner of Pearl and John streets to-day to Chambers Street Hospital, suffering from heat prostration.

James White, of 355 West Fifteenth street, was overcome in front of 444 Second avenue. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Catharine Coran, aged sixty, of 132 West Thirtieth street, was overcome at 241 West Thirtieth street. She was taken to New York Hospital.

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